

Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE
IRONTON, MISSOURI

DAYS COME AND GO.

Leaves fall and flowers fade,
Days come and go.
Now is sweet summer laid
Low in her leafy glade,
Low like a fragrant maid,
Low, low, ah, low.

Tears fall and eyelids ache,
Hearts overflow.
Here for our dear love's sake
Let us our farewells make—
Will he again awake?
Ah, no, no, no.

Winds sigh and skies are gray,
Days come and go.
Wild birds are flown away,
Where are the blooms of May?
Dead, dead, this many a day,
Under the snow.

Lips sigh and cheeks are pale,
Hearts overflow.
Will not some song or tale,
Kiss, or a flower, fair,
With our dear love avail?
Ah, no, no, no.

STRADIVARIUS' STORY.

By William Forster Brown.

FOR many years after fate parted my

Carl and I, I remained in the Kaiser

Museum, situated on Linden

Strasse, in the city of Munich, sus-

suspended from a brass hook screwed in

the top of a very tall glass case.

This museum was a dull place, the

other instruments there being exceed-

ingly inferior to myself, except, per-

haps, for a decrepit cello who claimed

to have been owned by Nicholas Amati,

and who was so overbearing in con-

duct that it was a weariness to con-

verse with him. So I spent the long

hours that hung so heavy in wonder-

ing if my glorious voice would ever be

heard again, and dreaming of the old

days—and Carl. How well I remember

the time I came to him! Fretting

over my sorry lot, I had been lying,

dusty and neglected, in my case for

more weeks than I like to think about,

on an out-of-the-way shelf in a dingy

pawnshop, when one day my prison

was opened, and I looked for the first

time on Carl Schilling's face.

I shall never forget that face!

Young, fair, with dreamy, tender eyes

that revealed the violinist hidden in

their blue depths; and good—ah, Gott!

such a good face. My heart leaped

with hope, for I knew intuitively that

he was a musician, and fearful that

the gloom of the poorly lighted shop

would deceive him as to my real worth,

as I was being put into his hand I con-

trived to slip so that a narrow beam

of light from the small window would

fall squarely into my left F hole; for

beneath it, on the inside of my back,

is scrawled the signature of the mas-

ter, Antonius Stradivarius.

Carl's hand trembled on my neck

so I knew that he had seen what I

wished him to see, and all at once a

pained seized me, and I almost re-

gretted my slip—I was afraid his agi-

tation would betray my secret, and

that the Jew who owned the shop

would suspect my real value, and put

you, two thalers—for me! little

dreaming of the fortune he had let slip

through his grasping fingers, and I

left the detestable place, under Carl's

arm.

A life began for me then, I can

tell you. In a week my new master

had fathomed my every mood, and I

responded to him with my whole

soul—like an angel. He was only

first violin in the Odeon theater, but

when he tucked me lovingly under his

arm, whispering that I was his "lit-

tle sweetheart," I would pour out my

soul with joy and pride until the Herr

Director himself would turn about in

his high chair to look at us—indeed,

he offered Carl thaler upon thaler for

me, but my master only patted my

neck and laughed.

"Nein, mein Herr," he replied, hap-

pily; "it is useless. There is not

enough money in all Germany to buy

my little sweetheart."

Carl was hurrying to get home, as he

was always did, and in crossing the

street his foot slipped. He fell, and the

wheels of a dray passed over his left

one as he lay prostrate on the pave-

ment. In the drug-store where they

carried him the doctor, looking first

at Carl and then at me, for my case

had burst open, cried out suddenly,

in a voice that shook with emotion:

"Mein Gott! It is the little violinist

of the Odeon, Carl Schilling. The poor

boy, he will never play again!"

Except for the injury to his arm,

Carl was not hurt, and although the

surgeons did not cut it off, as they

at first declared must be done, yet in

spite of all their electrical appliances

it hung limp at his side, and the fa-

mous specialist the Herr Director of

the Odeon brought from Berlin only

shook his gray beard and muttered

"Incurable" when he examined it.

Things got pretty bad for us in the

little home, for Carl could do no work

of any sort with his useless arm. The

pupils dropped away one by one, and

soon, very soon, our small savings

were all eaten up. Carl was far too

proud to allow any of his friends to

help him, and indeed they were all

poor enough themselves, having all

they could do to manage to fight their

own battles; but then, I think he con-

cealed the real state of affairs so well

that nobody but me realized how very

bad they were. There was not always

food, and to make matters worse, Elsa

CHALLENGE HONESTY

REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN METH-

ODS SCORED BY PARKER.

Favors Bought by Trusts That Plan

to Keep Roosevelt in Power

—Buying Up Voters.

In a vigorous speech at Esopus on

Monday, October 24, Alton B. Parker,

democratic candidate for the presidency,

applied the verbal lash to the trusts and

republican campaign methods in the

following words:

"Appreciating the responsibility put

upon me by the democratic party, and

the duty which acceptance imposed upon

me, I have carefully considered the ut-

terance I am about to make and am well

persuaded that had a situation call for

its consideration been at the time

presented, it would have met the full ap-

proval of the convention, as it will now

meet the approval of every thoughtful,

right-minded citizen of the United

States, without regard to party creed or

party prejudice.

"Many years have passed since my

active participation in politics. In the

meantime a startling change has taken

place in the method of conducting cam-

paigns, a change not for the better, but

for the worse; a change that has intro-

duced debasing and corrupt methods,

which threaten the integrity of our gov-

ernment, leaving it perhaps a republic in

form, but not a republic in substance;

no longer a government of the people,

by the people, for the people, but a

government whose officers are practi-

cally chosen by a handful of corporate

managers, who levy upon the assets of

the stockholders whom they represent

such sums of money as they deem re-

quisite to place the conduct of the gov-

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION OF MISSOURI

FIRST CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT—Joint and concurrent resolution

submitting to the qualified voters of the

State of Missouri, an amendment to sec-

tion 7 of article IV of the constitution

thereof.

Be it resolved by the Senate, the House

of Representatives concurring therein:

That at the general election to be held

on the Tuesday next following the first

Monday in November, 1904, the following

amendment to section 7 of article IV of

the constitution of the State of Missouri

shall be submitted to the qualified vot-

ers of said state, to wit:

Section 7. A state tax of five cents

on the one hundred dollars assessed val-

uation shall be levied and collected annu-

ally on all objects and subjects of taxa-

tion. All moneys derived from said levy

shall be set apart and appropriated to the

school districts of the state, annually, as

other school moneys are appropriated by

law. Every school district to which out of

said moneys, supply text-books on or-

thography, reading in English, penman-

ship, for use in the schools, shall be

entitled to the same. The remainder, if

any, may be used for the purchase of

text-books for the high schools, for like

use or for other school purposes.

FOURTH CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT—Joint and concurrent resolution

submitting to the qualified voters of the

state an amendment to the constitution of

Missouri, repealing section 23, article

XII, and enacting a new section in lieu

thereof.

Be it resolved by the House of Represent-

atives, the Senate concurring therein,